
The Liberalist

LOOK UP

"I don't have to make over the universe; I have only to do my own small job, and to look up often at the trees and the hills and the sky, and be friendly with all men."

David Grayson.

Published monthly by

The Peoples Church

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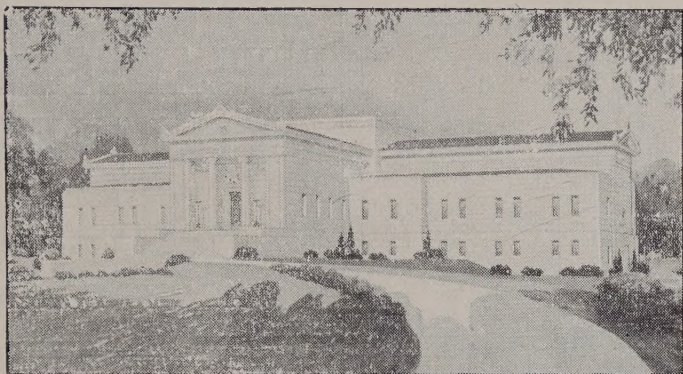
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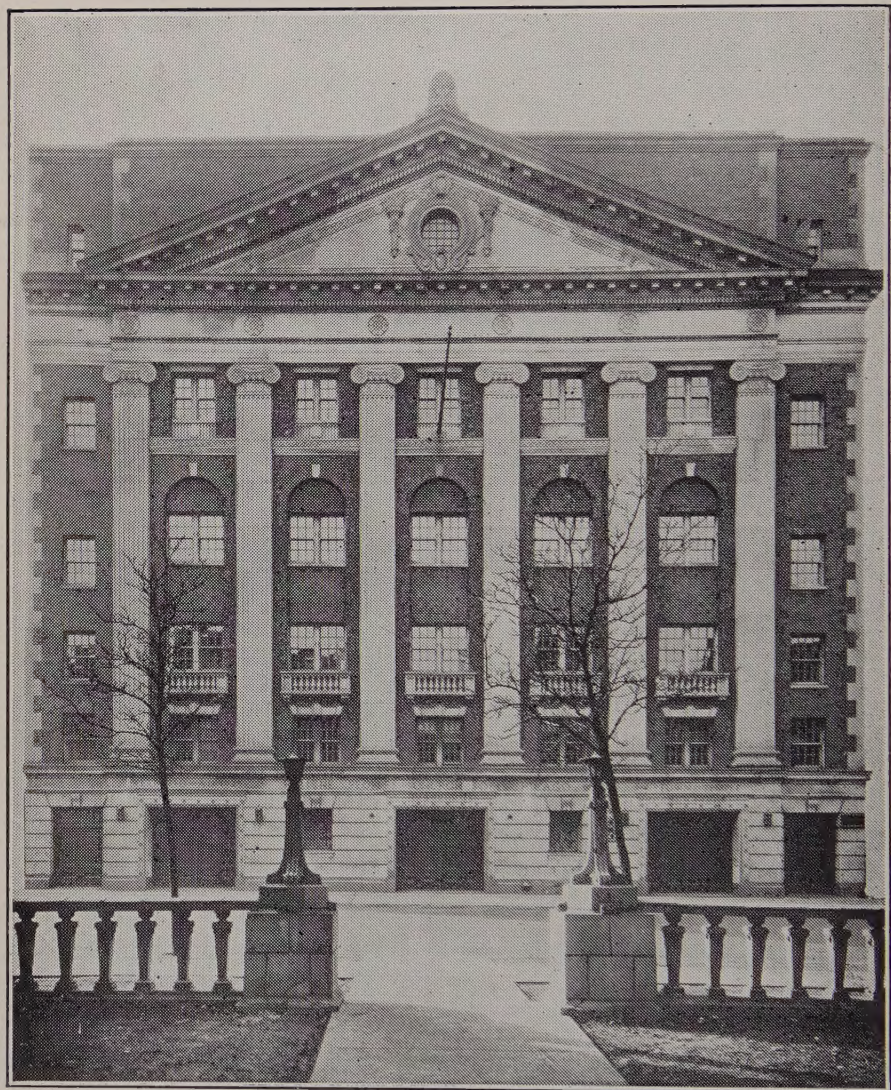
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THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO AT
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THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley
Grace Thayer Bradley

Editor
Associate Editor

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MEDITATION

Everlasting Love, we can frame our whole prayer today, all the burden of our heart, in just one sentence; and that sentence would be an effort to adequately express the depth of our gratitude and appreciation for the people and the friends, the church we love and have served these many years. And now that we have come to the final service, and there will be weeks when we will not have the inspiration of these moments, when we will be separated by miles of land and sea, we realize that there are those here today that, in the future, may never have this contact again, and that this is the only one when this moment of inspiration and love shall prevail. And so, today, our hearts are jubilant and joyful, but behind the joy we can't help but feel a little tinge of sorrow. There are those in these past years that have passed through the great experience of the unknown and that are not here today, and we miss them, miss them very much; and there are those who may have grown cold and uninterested, and the old friendships and the old loves broken. We send our love and our friendships to them today, and all these hundreds of hearts of Radioland. O, we would like them to know that we deeply and everlastingly appreciate their encouragement!

And all who are ill, the continual burden of our hearts, thinking always if there is something that we can do, some word that we can say, some inspiration we can be to help them; we are thinking of them today, those that are so heroically bearing the burden of pain, grief! Gentle Heart of Love, Thou who dost never fail, add to that which the genius of science is doing, that the unity and the peace and the harmony may be restored.

And to everyone that has been in contact with this service this entire winter long, to every heart that has been helped, every life that may have found the burden a little easier to bear, we are grateful! And now, as we come to this final moment, may this church, every officer, every organization, every member, every friend, realize as never before what it means to touch human life and lift it up. To every sad heart, to every lonely heart, to every hungry heart, to every broken heart, we would be a healing influence and a help. When we are separated by the miles, may the hearts that know no miles, know no separation—may we know that they still love us and that we love them; and that, in the unity of that love, peace, health will come.

Infinite Heart of Love, be with us all! Amen.



The Closing Service

Dr. Bradley said:

The poem which I have chosen to read to you as my final poem for the season—I do not know who wrote it—I have taken from the “Quotable Poems”, by Thomas Curtiss Clark—compilation—and it is really a poem to myself. It has all the intimacy of the personal, and I thought it apropos for this, my anniversary:

A NEW START

I will start anew this morning
with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining
of my ruthless neighbor's
greed;
I will cease to sit repining while
my duty's call is clear;

I will waste no moment whining,
and my heart shall know no
fear.

I will look sometimes about me
for the things that merit
praise:

I will search for hidden beauties
that elude the grumbler's
gaze.

I will try to find contentment in
the paths that I must tread;

I will cease to have resentment
when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when
my rival's strength is shown;

I will not deny his merit, but will
strive to prove my own;

I will try to see the beauty spread
before me, rain or shine;

I will cease to preach your duty,
and be more concerned with
mine.

—Author Unknown.

YOUTH LOOKS AT LIFE!

Address delivered by Dr. Preston Bradley, at the Peoples Church
May 25th

The two most difficult sermons for me to preach during the entire church-year are the opening and the closing sermons. After I have been away in the summer and I come back and face the church for the first time in the fall, I find great difficulty in preaching that sermon. And I think that I find still greater difficulty in preaching this last sermon. It seems that so much accumulates in this last moment and that I have so many things that I would like to say that must, necessarily, remain unsaid, that I hardly know what to say.

I have been lingering, oh, for the past two weeks, every night, almost, with graduating classes. It has been my very great responsibility during these past weeks, as it will be this week to come, to look into the faces of hundreds of young people who are about to be graduated from our high schools and colleges.

Coming into the pulpit, as I do this morning, under the new inspiration of this Youth, I am going to attempt to tell you, and these graduates who have honored me by attending this service this morning, my parting word of encouragement to Youth under the subject, “Youth Looks at Life!” And I do it with the very, very unkindly knowledge sometimes that the years are passing for myself. It seems incredible to me that eighteen years have passed since I became your pastor, but on the seventh day of July that will be the actual fact; and with the passing of these eighteen years, there has, of course, been the inevitable maturity which, I hope, I have experienced to your advantage and to your inspiration.

I do not know as much today as I did eighteen years ago—perhaps most of you have observed that—but in the early part of my ministry, I knew a great deal more

than I know today. I knew what was the matter with most everything, and I had an answer for every problem; and I suppose that in these eighteen years I have raised my voice more frequently in behalf of lost causes — and causes that, perhaps, ought to have been lost—than most of my colleagues. But the early years were years that were dynamic, with the desire to change things quickly.

Youth is always like that, and it is a glorious attribute. Youth wants things done! Youth has no patience! Youth can't understand why anything must ever wait! With Youth, the glory of Youth, as I remember Youth looking at life, was through the eyes of impatience. Youth is impatient; and through that impatience, of course, much of their contribution and much of their value rests.

So, I had it—all of the impatience; I was reluctant to wait. If things were wrong, why not make them right? What's the use of delaying the matter? Do it at once! And in those early years, I used to keep a motto on my study wall—"DO IT NOW!" — until, probably, the greatest sin, I hope, which I possess is evolved into the sin of procrastination. I don't see any particular use any more of doing anything now; and it is from that point of view, of the impatience of Youth and my own experience, that I speak.

Oh, I have been with them the past two weeks, night after night—two, three, four hundred of them back of me on the platform; and out here, two three, and, in one instance, five thousand fathers and mothers—and they asked me to say something on that great occasion! And do you know that, no matter whether the occasion is large or small, do you know what happens to me in that environment? I always go back to my own graduation, my own days of student life.

You might not believe it, but I did graduate from high school.

And we did not have the lovely environmental influences that you have today—beautiful auditoriums beautifully lighted, all of the charm that is associated with things proper—no! Ours was a very little, humble affair. It was held in a little opera house in a little town that did not have five hundred people in the whole town; and I don't know why they called it an opera house. We never had an opera. I do not think I knew what an opera was; but, it was the Opera House! We did not have any electric lights; we had lights—foot lights, too!—but they were a lot of kerosene lamps, with a piece of tin behind them to shade the light from the audience. And the night I graduated, there weren't three or four hundred in the class—no! just sixteen; but they were sixteen of the smartest folks that ever lived. We didn't ask anybody to prove that; we admitted it.

And I shall never forget—as I haven't forgotten—as I have been telling my classes this year, I shall never forget that night that dawned for me—I think that is wrong; I don't think nights dawn, do they?—but now I shall never forget the night when it came. The whole sixteen of us sat in a semicircle on that rostrum, on the stage—the girls in their new dresses and their hair, not like the girls wear it today—no! They wore puffs, away up, like this; and one or two of them that I remember very well—and one of them, in particular—had two lovely braids down their backs, tied with a great, blue ribbon. I can see her across this quarter of a century this morning. And that night is as vivid to me as though it was last night. And the boys—well, about the only difference between the boys nowadays and the boys when I was a boy isn't so very much, except that we did not develop to the stage where we used axle-grease on our hair, and our trousers were pegged-top trousers, that big around the ankles, nowa-

days they are that wide (indicating). You had to get into them with a shoe-horn in my day. But there is not very much difference otherwise; just the same kind of lads!

And the night that I graduated—I should not mention that; modesty ought to compel me to be silent, but the fact is that I was the valedictorian of my class; and, being the valedictorian, I had to make a speech. And from where I sat in the semicircle, back to the front of the platform was just seven miles! And, finally, the principal of the school said, "Our Valedictorian will now give his address. I have the honor of introducing to you Preston Bradley, Valedictorian of this Class"—that was me! I arose and walked down the seven miles and I started in. I had selected, with the customary intelligence of the high school graduate, a very sophomoric subject; one that was not at all involved—very simple, quite capable of intellectual interpretation. My subject was, "Opportunity"—opportunity! and the only part of that address that I remember this morning is the part I didn't write. I quoted from a poem—the poet, Gray—from his "Elegy"—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,

And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,

Await, alike, the inevitable hour;—

The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Cheerful little thing, wasn't it? But that was what I closed my speech with on "Opportunity!"

My little mother, who left me not long afterwards, kept the little, schoolboy manuscript. I opened it up the other day and read it again. Mothers have a way of doing things like that. That is why I told our children in the church school when I gave them their diplomas and promotion certificates at the session this morning at the church school, "Keep them; some day, when

thirty or forty years have passed, you get them out and you look at them again, and it will bring back to you days that were happy, days before there was any sin, days before there was any past." Youth has no past; it is only age that has a past. Youth has always tomorrow — always tomorrow; never, yesterday!

Well I started in with my speech and I was going very nicely. I made almost as many gestures then as I do now, I think; but I was going on fine, and I looked down the first four or five rows, and there she sat, ribbons and all! And I forgot my speech! She was looking into my face and I was looking into hers; and everything went dark! Youth! the time of love! We had a Sophomore on the stage back of the little curtain, and she had the manuscript, the speech, and it was her business to prompt us when we failed; and there I was! I kept listening, but she had lost the place! My father, who is listening this morning in our little home, I know is thoroughly enjoying this, whether anyone else is or not, because he was there and he will remember this after these twenty-five years have passed. But I finally was able to start again. And I looked two or three seats behind her, and there they sat—my dad and my mother.

And do you know what I have been telling these classes, and what I say now in this baccalaureate sermon to you youngsters and to you students? You think that graduation night is your night? You think, when they hand you that diploma, that it's only yours? You don't realize it yet; but you will, some day! I turned to a class Friday evening at Moline, a great class of youngsters; I said, "I don't know you; I have never met you. I don't know your names. But I do know something of a cross-section of American life; and, because I do, you, who sit here tonight, so ju-

bilant and so happy, I know that out here somewhere there is a mother that has worked and toiled and sacrificed, gone without many little things that she wanted, that some girl could be sitting in this class tonight. It's her night, too! And out there, somewhere, there's some father that never went to school a day after he was twelve or fourteen or fifteen, and he has worked hard all of his life that some boy, some youngster in this age, this tremulous, dynamic age that he never knew, that some boy could sit there on that stage with that class and be honored by his faculty, by his institution, and by his community. Out here, somewhere, there's some father that is seeing in that boy tonight his own dreams come true. That's his boy, and he is seeing in that boy the materialization of his own hopes. Well, it's his night, too!"

And I looked at my father and my mother that night. Mother was leaning way over, until it seemed as though her chin might touch the shoulders of the people in front of her. Father was sitting beside her, you know, with his arms folded and leaning back, as much as to say, "Well, what can you expect?—that's my boy!"

My only desire today was to be intensely practical; not enter into speculations of the age, not enter into the strange, psychic factors that are abroad; not enter into all the complications that modern Youth has to face today, in this most severe age. It never was as difficult to be straight as it is today; never was as difficult, young man, to go through right as it is now; never was as easy to be wrong, and, at the same time, to be accepted, as it is taken. That is why the challenge of the Youth that looks out now upon life must be quite well-grounded in certain fundamentals, or there's tragedy around the corner. The whole environmental influence of the age renders itself to abandonment, and the old disciplines no longer pertain. They're old-fash-

ioned; they're out-of-date! And we can play with life; we can let our lives be just a rollick, a good time. We can enter into those dissipations that ruin both body and soul, and no one thinks very much about it. The thing that I want as my closing and last moment with you, and to this remarkable heritage of young people who have gathered today, is not to academically enter into a discussion of the philosophical things that surround you in your bewilderment. Youth is tremendously bewildered today.

I think, perhaps, if I should say there is one thing that is distinct between my youth and the youth of today is the bewilderment of Modern Youth. Old landmarks have gone, and many of them ought to go; but it has left you bewildered. Some of you are very much concerned about what to believe. You do not know what to believe. You're not irreligious, but you're bewildered; and many of the old emphases have so passed out of your lives that prayer and God and the Bible, and all these things that were so much a part of the youth of another age, have lost their emphasis and something in your life must take their places. They must not be discarded in toto! There are certain important factors all of the time, and there are certain realities connected with them that must never leave life; but, from the old theological emphasis, and the old ecclesiastical point of view, these things are no more! And because we have discarded them in the intellectual emancipation of our minds, we must still find a substitute, something that will bring to us such a moral sensitiveness that will not be tragedy; for the final tragedy, is the tragedy of morals.

This world will never be wrecked because it doesn't know enough. The modern means of education and the distribution of information have increased with such tremendous rapidity that we know more than we have ever known.

We are weighing the sun! We know more than we have ever known! What of it? WHAT OF IT? Is knowledge the answer to life? We are more certain in our materialism than we have ever been. What of it? WHAT OF IT? But if you have no soul to inhabit the dwelling you have made, the environment of your life will not save you and not even help! And, as I look back across these years, it seems to me that the one thing that I want to leave you graduates is this: Know all you can; know everything! Go to the end of the universe with your telescope; go to the very heart of creation with your microscope. Know all about the philosophy of religion; know all about chemistry, biology; know all about anthropology; speak languages; grow and become familiar with the literature of the world. Know all great things that have entered into the construction of genius thereafter; know everything! Everything! I do not deprecate knowledge; but, with all thy knowledge, get wisdom! And the wisdom is to be found in this truth; that everything falls—faith—everything—unless the heart is clear. Every problem in the world is a moral problem. Every one! It's a moral problem!

And when I made that valedictory that night and looked into the face of my father and mother, and we went home afterwards—it was a June night, a June night!—and we sat upon the steps of our little porch—probably you Chicago people don't know what that means; I do—and father sat down on one side of me and mother and sister on the other, and the night deepened and we could hear the last rumble of the buggies—do you know what buggies are?—that drove home over the little bridge that was near our house, and commencement was over! No automobiles those days!—just horses and buggies. And my father put his arm upon my shoulder.

You, you fathers, some of you, have time for everything! time for business, plenty of it; time for golf, plenty of it; time for sport, plenty of it; time for everything! How about that fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen-year-old boy? Have you had much time for him lately? Are you losing him? Is he growing out of your life, and you don't know why? Hasn't anything to do with modern child psychology; hasn't anything to do with the new science of pedagogy; no! it just has to do with the oldest thing in the world—love! You will never find your boy by legislation, no more than the world will ever find morality by legislation; you will never find your boy by saying, "You mustn't," or "You can't!" no! You will find him by LOVE! Love is the pathfinder of the world, and kind words are the music of the world; and you will find him by love.

And oh, the comradeship which I have had in the last few hours with that father of mine! He has been with me three days. We sat down there that night—and I was a little boy—and he put his arm on my shoulder and he said, "Preston, I have done all I could. I have pounded iron for twelve years—at that time—to keep you and to help you, and to keep you in school, and there isn't much that I can do, perhaps; but I want you, I want you to make me glad, some day!" That's what my father said.

Do you think, four years ago, when I stood in this pulpit of this new church for the first time, and your love and sacrifice and interest has built it; do you think when I stood in this pulpit of this new church for the first time, and preached that dedication sermon,—do you think I was preaching to the two thousand people that were visibly present about the building? Do you think so? Do you think I was preaching to the million and a half out there upon the air? Do you think so?

No! I wasn't. I was preaching to a man that sat there by the side of Mrs. Bradley, whose one eye had been gouged out in the performance of his task in an accident, and with that other eye looking into mine, and it was misty. I didn't say it to you with my lips, did I? Many of you heard that sermon. But I said it with my heart. In the middle of that sermon, I looked at my father sitting down there, and he looked at me; and I said, "Dad, don't you see? I am trying to keep faith with you!" He was my single auditor that day.

Young people, I know this sounds like a preacher this morning, and I didn't want to sound like that. I know it sounds like advice, and we can't give you any advice; you won't take it! I know; I haven't forgotten my youth—I didn't want advice. No! But won't you think of this for me? In this closing moment of this, my eighteenth year, just think of this for me; three things: If you haven't it at this moment, as soon as you can organize it in your mind, get an idea of what you want to be in life. That's first. Don't drift. Don't float! Don't you know that life, at its longest, is short? None of us have any time. I don't care what your age is this morning; you haven't any time to waste. My life is much more than half through; my ministry is over half done. I haven't any time! I don't care what your age is, young man, young woman, listening to me this morning, you haven't any time to lose. The demands of your age are more than they have ever been. We must be up in the morning! You haven't time to lose! Get a dominating idea! What do you want to do? Don't waste these precious hours, young people; don't think you can flirt around with time for three or four years and say, "Oh, I have plenty of time!" There isn't a young man, or a young woman, in the sound of my voice that has

plenty of time! Whatever else you have, the one thing you haven't this morning is time! This world doesn't let you have any time. You can't wait for time.

And after you have something that carves your imagination with what you want to be and what you want to do, don't let anything interfere with its influence upon your life. And the last and final thing of the trilogy that I would submit to you, is this: Never become cynical, and keep your self-respect. There's no more deadening type of mind than the cynical mind. None! The cynical mind, the mind of the scoffer, the mind of the cynic! Don't let your mind be poisoned by cynicism! Don't let that happen. And then, hear the words of what is, for the moment, an old-fashioned preacher: Keep your self-respect! Can you look in the mirror in your own eyes and say, "It's all right; don't blush"? Can you do that? That's self-respect! Never mind what the world says about you; never mind that. It will always say plenty. It isn't what the world says about you that matters; it's what you know about yourself that matters, never mind what the world says, not what the world says, it's what you know that matters, the thing that you know down deep in your hearts will keep that self-respect.

And the very final is this: Parents can stand everything, except this one thing. We can lose our positions—what's that but a challenge; we can lose our money—what's that but an opportunity; we can lose our fame—what's fame, the most transitory thing in the world; the same crowd that cheered you today will hiss at you tomorrow. Never be deceived about fame; it is the most ephemeral thing of it all. We can lose everything, everything! There is one thing that takes the fight all out. We can stand with our backs up against the stone wall of the world, and we can stand your jeers; we can stand your hisses,

and your lies about us—we can stand all that; there is only one thing that we can't stand, that will take all the fight and all the spirit out. Do you want to know what it is, young man? Do you want to know what it is, young woman? I will tell you what it is. It is to have the world, some day, point its finger and say, "Look at him; liar, thief, robber, look at him—a failure! He's your son! That's your son going! See him! and the whole power of the world on his heels, howling and hissing at him." Show that to a father and his heart's broken and the fight's all gone! There's nothing left.

Or the mother—when the world points its finger at that daughter and says, "Look at her! Look at her! a little, painted creature that is living in heartbreak house. Look at her! poisoned by stimulus, until the psychic reaction on her moral nature has brought her to the place where she has no conscience!" To have this world say, "There goes your daughter!"—parents will stand everything but that. That's the thing that kills us!

So good luck, young people; good luck, graduates! Don't let life floor you! Don't let the world rob you. Get that dominating idea in life; that respect! Fight cynicism! Work out your problems. I know you have many of them, problems of all sorts and kinds; I know it. But don't get discouraged because you have problems. Your age is not unique in problems; every age has its problems. We all have our problems. The first thing to do to solve any problem is to face it. Don't be afraid of facing your problems!

One day, seven boys sat around a little stove in the MacMillan School in New York City; seven of them. Those boys were discussing school. Finally, one of those boys, by the name of Fred Manning, said to another boy, "I was

so bad up there in Albany that they kicked me out of that private school and my dad sent me down here;" and he said, "I am going to be so bad that they will kick me out of this school!" He said, "I don't want to be educated." And Fred Manning turned to another boy who sat there in that group, and he said, "Look at you. You know you have bad eyes and it's hard work for you to study, and yet you are studying all of the time. My father's rich, and so is yours. I want some of you to get kicked out with me."

And the other boy looked at him, and he said, "Fred"—(this is all authentic, ladies and gentlemen)—"Fred, if I lose my eyes and go blind studying, my father will send me to a school for the blind, because I am going to be educated!" And the other boy pooed and laughed at him.

Then years went by. Mr. Duvall, a member of that group had grown to manhood; and one night, stormy and blustery winter night, he opened the door of the New York Central Depot in Albany to enter it, and he met a man, unkempt, uncouth, carrying a bundle of newspapers strapped to his side. Duvall looked at him and he said, "Fred Manning!"

The other said: "Yes; Fred Manning. I know what you are going to say now. You are going to tell me about the time I wanted to get fired from school. You don't need to tell me; I think about it every day."

"I saw him the other day when I came to Albany to the State House."

"Who?"

"The little boy that was studying till he thought he would go blind."

"You don't mean the President!"

"Yes; Teddy was here," (The other boy was Theodore Roosevelt.) Fred Manning said: "He is President and receives seventy-five thousand dollars a year, and

I am going to sleep tonight in a garret."

Young people, don't waste your life!

WINGS

A storm is fretting the lazy clouds; a nervous hand is piling the limpid waters on the shore: tall trees are a-tremble, for a mighty monster is rushing thru their crests. Smoke from the hearth is twisted into shapeless forms, and beneath big rocks chipmunks scurry with hurried feet. On yonder hill top sits a bird with mocking mien, knowing that he is mightier than the storm; for he possesses wings with which to foil the tauntings of the storm!

O, mortal child, how like the bird you are! Look inward and behold your wings! Let the storms of life threat, and the fierce winds fret; there is within your breast that by which you may rise to heights beyond the onslaught of the tormenting hour. Come, preen your wings of assurance while the day is soft with sunshine and the night is touched with the delicate mysticism of peace. Then when the wind howls and the storms swoop down you may rise to those serene heights where stars are caught in tree tops.

Argow.

THE EDITOR

This number of The Liberalist has been held in waiting with the hope that some special message or article might come from over seas. Experience has taught me that mail from abroad is most uncertain,—and long in coming. One may write many letters—at different dates, and then in one season, they all come on the same mail! The mail that has come from that far away island of Iceland to our little island home on Lake Vermillion has been received with much excitement and joy. There has been no detailed account, but mention of excitement, constant

activity and no end of thrilling experiences, which proves beyond a doubt the inability amid it all to sit down quietly and write an article for the Liberalist. So I believe we will wait patiently until our Editor-in-Chief is here on his own island, far removed from crowds,—and pageantry,—trains,—royalty,—ships,—seas,—and ocean storms. Free from passports, luggage and timetables. Back into khaki trousers, negligee shirt and moccasins. With the hum of the pines, song of birds and blue skies with great white clouds that seem to be tumbling over each other! Back in the beauty and peace of this quiet place where he can think over and sort out the varied experiences of his wonderful trip, and tell you something about it in the August number.

And so the Assistant Editor submits the July number with the sincere hope that you find it interesting, and the softly whispered plea that you take it kindly!

Grace Thayer Bradley
June 9, 1930

SUNDAY AFTERNOON FORUM

Dr. Bradley, Board of Trustees and Members of the Peoples Church:

The Sunday Afternoon Forum is perhaps the youngest and smallest organization within the church but we who are full fledged and enthusiastic members think that it is by far the greatest. It is the outgrowth of an informal discussion group that met last year in Channing Hall on Sunday afternoons to discuss the current and pertinent topics of the day. On September 29th of this, just closing church year, a permanent organization was affected with myself as President, Miss Frances Taylor, Vice-President, Miss Ethel Hyde, Secretary and Mr. Newman Dumont as Treasurer. A resolution was also adopted petitioning Dr. Bradley, Pastor of the Church, and the Board of Trustees for per-

mission and authority to organize as such.

The purpose of this organization was set forth in the Constitution is to add to the enrichment of the individual life by inspiring a desire for knowledge through the creation of an organ of self expression on subjects of a high moral and cultural nature. A set of By-Laws was also adopted at this time regulating the conduct of meetings in open Forum.

With these fortifications, the organization set out to create within the church a place of activity for the many who could not and had not found a place in any of the other organizations. This included a large group of young women and men, both married and single, that felt themselves out of place with the young folks, that did not care for dramatics and could not find time for either the Women's Club nor the Laymen's League.

This organization supplies that need for an adult educational division for our people and compares very favorably with the recent organizations of the Alumnae by our leading universities and educational institutions to prevent intellectual stagnation by the individual graduates which come so natural without an incentive for higher educational and cultural values.

Many of our members have become much larger and broader intellectually because they have been supplied with an incentive to seek and increase their knowledge and others have become much more adept in expressing themselves before an audience as a result of the opportunity afforded them by this open Forum.

Our program committee prepared a series of topics of a very high spiritual and moral character and were also very fortunate in procuring an authoritative speaker for each meeting, most of whom were of a very high character. While some of our speakers prompted some little criticism we

wish it understood in this report that we were unable to pay for their services and had to depend altogether upon those of an altruistic and public spirited nature.

Our program for the year included such important subjects, together with the very able speakers, as follows:

The responsibility for the religious trouble in Palestine.

Intimate touches of prison life—Dr. Frey, Chaplain of the State Penitentiary at Joliet, Ill.

Is Fundamentalism Fundamental?—Rev. Aranson, who was social worker among the radicals of the near north side.

Does the so-called crime wave in the United States indicate a lower standard of morality?—Morris L. Levin—Chicago's greatest blind orator.

What is the cause for the present financial debacle in Chicago and Cook County?—C. A. Ellen, Editor of the Better Government Association magazine.

A Christmas Symposium Round Table Luncheon by members of the Forum.

Is Spiritualism a Demonstrable Phenomena?—Mrs. M. E. Cadwalader, Editor of the Progressive Thinker.

Should the United States Disarm as Advocated by the Present World Powers? Open Forum lead by E. C. Beardslee.

Is the so-called Modernism in Love and Marriage Detrimental to Society? Dr. Ben L. Reitman—one of Chicago's well-known socialists.

Immortality—Is Death the End?—Rev. Chas. E. Brown, Pastor of The Church of God.

Should United States Enter the World Court?—Judge E. L. Stebbins.

Modern Women—Marriage or Career?—Mrs. Mabel L. Reincke—recently Collector of Internal Revenue and Member of The Board of Election.

What is Communism and How?—Mr. Frank Hewitt—Investigator

for the American Intelligent Vigilance Association, Inc.

Courts, Crime and Psychiatry—Judge Henry M. Walker, former judge of the Municipal Court of Chicago.

Should the United States Government grant immediate independence to the Philippine Islands—A group of Philippino students versus members of the Forum.

What is a Religious Liberal?—Dr. S. B. Snow, President of the Meadville Theological Seminary.

Why I am a Religious Liberal—Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor.

Each meeting was followed by a social hour at which time the combatants in Open Forum were given an opportunity to console themselves and somewhat modify their views, across sandwiches, coffee and cake served by the ladies. This social hour also proved to be very beneficial to many members of Dr. Bradley's Radio Audience who wished to remain over for evening services.

Although the Forum started with nothing in the Treasury we have been able to meet all expenses and in addition we contributed \$100.00 to the church on Easter Sunday. The amount may not look like much in comparison with some larger amounts but we think it fair in view of the fact that we used Channing Hall less than six hours per month.

We feel that the Forum has been instrumental in promoting the church sermons as many people have become members of the church and also the choir through their interest in it. Many people who were very orthodox in their views have become much more liberal minded through their participating in the Forum.

Starting with a very small membership, it was gradually increased until now there are approximately fifty paid up members with ever so many more that attend very regularly. The attendance at each meeting varied from around fifty people to near two hundred and fifty. This, we think, compares very favorably with such an or-

ganization as the Chicago Forum, which the author of the report attended one Sunday Afternoon and observed that there were only approximately one hundred and fifty people, attracted by a speaker of international reputation.

Respectfully submitted,

Elbert C. Beardslee,

President.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB

Dr. Preston Bradley, Members of the Board of Trustees, Presidents of each organization, and members of the Peoples Church:

I want to express to you my sincere regret at not being able to be present with you at this Annual meeting, and I hope that you will pardon my absence. I have appointed Mr. Geo. Gairing Jr., a member of the executive committee of the Young Peoples Club to read this report and to act for me.

First of all, I want to thank everyone here for the splendid support they have given the Young Peoples Club in its efforts to reorganize. Never could any club have more sincere co-operation or a greater show of interest in all we have undertaken than you have given to us. It has made us feel as though everyone was behind all that we tried to do, and it has given us a strong conviction that the Young Peoples Club is a vital part of the church activities. After all, we really are as Dr. Bradley says, "just one big family," and the success of one member brings happiness and inspiration to the others. In return, the Young Peoples Club has tried its best to support your undertakings, and though it did not do as much as we wanted it to, owing to the new officers getting the situation in hand and our many new members to become acquainted with all the church activities, next year we can promise a much greater cooperation in your work.

Our last annual meeting and election of officers was held on

Wednesday, January 21. The results of this election were:

President	LeRoy Adams
Vice-Pres.	Arthur Stevens
Treas.	Elsie Schwoika
Rec. Secy.	Lucille Edmunds
Corr. Secy.	Verona Fritz

The club at this time was composed of 43 members and the money in the treasury amounted to \$79.83. The new treasurer, Miss Schwoika, opened an account at the Central Trust Co., and the drive for new members was on. The remarkable alacrity of young and older to respond coupled with the efficiency of the new membership committee soon raised our quota until now we have 104 active members. With this large body to chose from, new committees were soon formed to handle the various affairs and events of the Club in its winter and spring activities. An executive committee was appointed by the President to sit in with the officers and act as a board of directors. Our committees functioned splendidly as units, and it is the policy of the Club to create as many committees as possible to give every member a responsibility so that he will feel that he is working in the Club and is a vital part of it. This organization was saved from being unweildly by making each committee chairman directly responsible to the president who usually sits in at all meetings.

By dues being paid into the treasury, by guest fees from our afternoon socials, proceeds from our presentation of "Hay Fever" by the Uptown Players, and from our various events, the Club handled \$753.28 from Jan. 21 to May 1. out of which we were able to give the church an Easter offering of \$500.00. This is quite remarkable when we realize that we have accomplished in three months what the Club has not been able to do in four years. However, we never could have done it alone, it was only through the cooperation of the other or-

ganizations that we were able to support the church in this way.

To resume all of our winter and spring events would be retelling what you know already, but these events were of great importance in that they are molding the policies that the club is eventually assuming. Social events, although popular, do not supply all of the atmosphere needed for maturing minds, so this spring we initiated Sunday afternoon socials on the third Sunday in each month at 4 o'clock. We had varied literary and musical programs from our own talent and prominent speakers on the program, following which refreshments were served and a talkative hour was spent before the evening service. These socials have been very successful with the attendance running twice over the two hundred mark. They have also given us a permanent known time for meeting in which all of our friends may come and enjoy the afternoon with us. These intellectual hours have done much toward the establishment of the Club and the stimulation of our members by cultured minds. Next year we are planning to go into broader fields than we have attempted this spring.

The Young Peoples Club is affiliated with the Young Peoples Religious Union, an organization of all of the Unitarian Young Peoples Clubs of the country with headquarters in Boston. Mr. John Nenningeristle, Chicago Secretary and we have been working with him to bring us into intimate contact with our relations on the South and West sides and the church in Evanston. We are trying to do together what one Club could not do alone—namely, support a Conference Camp near Bridgeman, Indiana, on the lakeport, with the same purpose in mind as Star Island. The camp will be held this week from Thursday till Saturday, and the success of this first venture will decide

just how strongly the Clubs will band together next fall.

Our Club has closed its spring season with our Decoration week-end house party held from May 29 to June 1. It was a tremendous success. Sixty people were there under ideal conditions and in perfect surroundings we had four days whose memory will always be one of the superlative in fun. Dr. and Mrs. Bradley and Mr. and Mrs. Harrison were out on Saturday morning to vivify the "Compleat Angler" and eat our delicious pancakes. They found a group of young people typifying the Peoples Church, and a group that are already planning ahead for this fall's activities. Our fall program is complete, and our grand opening of the season will be Sunday Evening, Oct. 19, when we will have our first social. Dr. Bradley will be the guest of honor and will give us a book review on a popular current book. Plans are being formulated to have a basketball team this fall to compete with other church teams and our membership committee is organized to add another hundred young people to our membership. So, looking not backward at what we have done, but forward to what there is still to do I respectfully submit this annual report for your consideration and approval.

LeRoy Adams,
President.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Because "Happiness" that rich comedy, about a poor girl, was an outstanding success; because "Torch-Bearers" and "The Thirteenth Chair" were so well attended and cleverly produced; because that old favorite "Hay Fever" was revived; and last but probably more important than all of these, because the Northwestern University Playshop Theatre presented the Uptown Players in their own theatre there seems to be no doubt, not

only of the rapid progress that the players are making but also of the high standard and excellent type of production that other groups realize what the Uptown Players are doing.

"Demi-God" a smart comedy of the Philip Barry style seemed a very fitting play to close the season of the Uptown Players. "Demi-God" is an original play written by Mrs. Geraldine Emerson of Wilmette, Illinois.

The play centers about a very practical husband who gives advice in wholesale lots to all his friends, and does all of the thinking for his own family, as well as being the solitary voice in that household.

Until—

The time comes when his friends, one by one, tell him what a fool they think he has been, and finally his wife leaves him with his business and his "sound" advice quite alone in the home that he so practically planned with its three radios, but minus the piano that she longed for so ardently.

The play is a startling answer to the success of some years back, "Craig's Wife."

"Demi-God" was presented at the Chicago Woman's Club Theatre for the three nights of May 21-22 and 23.

The house has a seating capacity of six hundred people; it was very nearly filled on each night that the play was given.

Every one will agree that "Demi-God" rounded off a most successful season in splendid fashion.

Then, too, the fact must not be overlooked that Northwestern University for the first time in its history, invited an outside group into its own theatre where the Uptown Players presented two more performances of the play. This alone stamps the Uptown Players as a group that knows what they are about in the little theatre world.

The play of course, was directed by Mr. James H. Griffin, and the cast included:

Dorothy Braun, Pauline Fischer, John Graham, Donald Briggs, Julia Sparling, John Esdale, Helen Williams and Margaret Blish.

OUR CHOIR

One of the finest musical evenings ever held in the Peoples Church was given the last Sunday evening in May when our choir presented "The Rose Maiden," that lovely cantata by Frederic Cowen, with Emerson Abernethy conducting, Walter Flandorf, at the organ and Robert Nelson at the grand piano. Beatrice Burgeson, soprano, Caryl McGovern, contralto, Clyde Bassler, tenor, and Ray Anderson, baritone took the solo parts most artistically, while the choir of seventy-five voices carried the chorus.

The entire thing was beautifully done, and Mr. Abernethy and choir deserve highest praise and congratulations. A large audience in attendance appreciated and enjoyed every minute of the lovely cantata. Not only the music is beautiful in "The Rose Maiden," but the words form rhythmic poems that sing themselves! The following in particular was pleasing, sung by the trio.

"Hast thou wandered in the forest,

To it's depths so green and still?
Hast thou listened to the music
Of the leaf and of the rill?

Hast thou wandered in the forest
When the Sun's first gladness
shines,

And the purple light of morning
Sets a glow the towering pines?

If thou hast aright beholden
All the glory of the trees—
If thy soul has rightly gathered
All their wondrous harmonies.

In the shadow of the forest
Shall thy better longing cease,

And thy heart shall weep no longer,

And thy spirit shall have peace."

The choir has since broadcast "The Rose Maiden," over WGN, the Chicago Tribune Station on the Drake Hotel, being announced as the "Feature" for that particular Saturday night, at which time the WGN, Symphony orchestra provided the orchestral accompaniment the composer planned for "The Rose Maiden."

MR. TOAD AND I

By Grace Thayer Bradley

To this north country all growing things come a month to six weeks later than in Chicago and thereabouts. There is still ice here in April and snow storms in May; about the third or last week in May spring appears suddenly, and not infrequently the first part of June brings cold rains and not much warm sunshine. So while in your eastern garden the flowers of early summer have blown, my island garden is enjoying a prolonged June-time, so to speak,—and is gay in yellows and blues.

Golden California poppies, bordering bachelor buttons (or centaurea) in blues and purples. Beautiful sunny gallardias flanked by clumps of white stevia waving gracefully with every breeze. Yellow daisies amid hundreds of large white ones always cool looking, fresh and attractive. Delphinium in all shades of blue is my special pride, growing in a garden plot separated from the larger garden by a rock bordered path. This smaller garden is carpeted with pansies and a border of gypsophila (babies-breath) in dainty swaying sprays, without which no table bouquet is quite perfect. I hope sometime to have the pink and rose shades of delphiniums but now the garden boasts only dark, light and purple-blue.

Petunias are blooming gayly, inviting those precious little

jewel-like feathered creatures. the humming birds, to sip honey from their sweet scented cups, as do also the delphiniums. Several times daily these tiny birds delight my heart by hovering over the garden darting from one flower to another, taking their fill of nectar. The ruby-throated one—the male half of the family—scolded me loudly the other day for being present in the delphinium bed where I was fastening some tall stalks to stakes. And his diminutive majesty literally chased from the garden a bird six times his size that was picking around on the ground! I watched the encounter with much amusement.

Columbine and painted daisies gave their last blooms about two weeks ago—they were lovely while they lasted! Two clumps of English lavender hold most attractive purple spikes. I have always wanted old fashioned lavender in my garden but for some unknown reason never had it until last fall my dear friend Mrs. Argow of Cedar Rapids, sent me a box of perennials,—and to my delight I found among them English lavender, foxgloves, rosemary, “butter-and-eggs,” even shamrock,—and other hardy plants dear to a garden-loving heart! The little shamrock wintered safely and is as thrifty and green as any growing on Irish soil! “Butter-and-eggs” is a silly name given to a lovely plant, and only does it bear resemblance to its name in color—deep and light yellow. A few days ago I was looking through a flower book when I happened upon the title “yellow toad-flax,” called by some “butter-and-eggs.” The same evening while looking over the garden I paused to admire the “butter-and-eggs,” when to my surprise I saw a good sized toad at the base of the plant blinking up at me with a wise look and an expression of ownership. It was so funny I laughed outright. Addressing myself to Mr. Toad I

said: I’ve never seen one before as large as you in the garden! And if “toad-flax” or “butter-and-eggs” has lured you here—you’re welcome, “what’s in a name?” Toads are beneficial to gardens—so make yourself at home!

A “rock-garden” has given an added charm to the garden this year; made entirely of slips given me by Mrs. Roy Eddy this spring from rock bed plants in her own beautiful garden. Evidently these rocks agree with them for they have grown marvelously and are most interesting.

Then there are two gorgeous ruffled petunias presented from the wonderful Goede garden in Evanston. Having friends represented thus in a garden makes it doubly interesting and dear.

I have found much solace and joy working among the flowers these days and weeks that have been so lonely. Pulling weeds, tying slender stalks to stakes lest the wind break them,—transplanting—and—just watching the lovely things grow—is a good way to get ahead of the blues! But all the while I work my thoughts are flying over the sea to another Island where there is one I know who will be happy to get home to his own little Island of quiet and peace and—won’t he think this garden as beautiful as any he may have seen? Little Mr. Toad winks his eyes, and says he, from his “butter-and-egg” stand: “we’ll make it so, you and I.”—and I believe he knows!

THE MINISTRY OF MUSIC

It so happens that closing service of the Peoples Church marked the 150th service that Mr. Walter Flandorf has played in our Church. Remarking this fact Mr. and Mrs. Flandorf quite naturally became retrospective and looked back over the programs of his three years work. Mrs. Flandorf, (a remarkable little woman in her own right!) with the spirit of the real help-mate and true interest

in all her artist husband does, made some notations and realizing my interest on all that pertains to our service, thoughtfully and kindly sent the following information, in a delightful letter. I feel it well worth passing on to the readers of *The Liberalist* who may attend the Sunday morning services, that they may have a clearer realization of the high standard of music being given them in Mr. Flandorf's organ recitals which he plays as a prelude and preparation for the service which follows. He desires to establish a worshipful mood with his recitals, and yet keep them varied and interesting.

During the time he has been organist for the Peoples Church he has played three hundred different compositions by ninety-six different composers; 28 German and Bohemian composers, 17 American and English, 17 Russian and Polish, 15 French and Belgian, 13 Italian and Spanish, and 6 Scandinavian. That is a pretty fair average of the great composers produced in these various countries. Then too the compositions have not all been originally written for organ; Mr. Flandorf has transposed some overtures, symphonies, and marches originally written for symphony orchestra, and some songs and descriptive pieces written for voice or other solo instrument. A good many of the latter group were especially requested by members of the congregation.

Mr. Flandorf is planning to open each organ recital next winter with a different one of the three-hundred-and-fifty beautiful chorales written by Johann Sebastian Bach, the great father of organ music. These chorales were written as part of Bach's oratorios, cantata, and Church service music, but they have a distinct sermon of their own to preach. And truly is not all great music, like all great literature and art, fundamentally religious? The Peoples Church is already familiar with one of these Bach chor-

ales: "Grant us true courage, Lord," which the choir sings as their introit.

The rest of the programs will, of course, continue to be dependent upon the subject matter of Dr. Bradley's sermon, as Mr. Flandorf has always tried, since he has been at the Peoples Church, to adapt his music to the mood and subject of the sermon. He could not do this, naturally, if he limited himself to strict organ music. He feels that to support the morning's sermon to the best of his ability with music, is what he is there for. The Flandorfs say they have found it inspiring, in preparing the organ programs during the past three seasons, to find that often there are compositions which show that some musician has been trying to say in his way something of what Dr. Bradley is saying in his.

Five more anthems have been completed by Mr. Flandorf with words culled from Dr. Bradley's meditations, and he is now looking about for a publisher for them.

I don't know what you think about it—but I think these most interesting statistics offer the suggestion that an attentive listener in the Church Sunday morning might acquire a pretty good musical education in a year or two. Come a little earlier to service. Not to miss the organ recitals which offer such a wealth of fine music!

G. T. B.

THE PASTOR'S CALENDAR

Dr. Bradley kept the following engagements for June:

- 1—Sermon, People's Church
- 1—Baccalaureate Sermon, Pekin, Ill.
- 2—Meeting, Chicago Theological Seminary
- 3—Address, Graduating Address; Chicago Columbia College of Expression, Pustalozzi Froebel Teachers College
- 4—Attended Installation of Dr. Palmer, Chicago Theological Seminary

- 5—Graduating Address, Glen Ellyn High School
- 6—Address, High School Commencement, East Moline, Ill.
- 8—Sermon, People's Church
- 8—Address, Forum People's Church
- 9—Annual Meeting, of the People's Church
- 10—Graduating Address
- 11—Address, Logan Square Masonic Temple
- 12—Commencement Address, Blue Island High School
- 12—Left for Montreal to sail for Iceland.

WEDDINGS

June

- 4—Paul F. Ernst and Martha Jones
- 7—William Harvey Hopkins Jr. St. Thomas, Ky. and Helen L. Crawford, Chicago
- 7—Alonzo Riley and Clare Brewer
- 7—Edward Zabriskie and Beatrice E. Jordon
- 7—Robert J. Nast and Miriam Ewert
- 7—Maurice G. Scholten and Ragnhild E. Nelson
- 12—Dr. Milton Fitch and Mrs. Elva Phillips.

FUNERALS

- 5—Mrs. Charles Canman. Interment Acacia cemetery.

CHRISTENINGS

- 8—Delores Jean Cohes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Stewart Cohes
- 8—Ruth Anne Galitz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Galitz
- 8—William Chute Haas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Haas
- 8—Donald Elmore Drollinger, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Drollinger.

IN MAN'S GARDEN

In the garden with plants and earth and rain, with the sun and

the winds and the stars and the moon, a man must be honest with himself.—Woman's Home Companion.

DAISIES

Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune

I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,

A host in the sunshine, an army in June,

The people God sends us to set our hearts free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,

The orioles whistled them out of the wood;

And all their saying was "Earth, it is well!"

And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good!"

—Bliss Carman.

THE WORD

O Earth! Thou hast not any wind that blows

Which is not music; every weed of thine

Pressed rightly flows in aromatic wine;

And humble hedge-row flower that grows,

And every little brown bird that doth sing,

Hath something greater than itself, and bears

A living word to every living thing,

Albeit holds the message un-awares.

All shapes and sounds have something which is not

Of them: a spirit broods amid the grass;

Vague outlines of the Everlasting Thought

Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;

The touch of an eternal presence thrills

The fringes of the sunsets and the hills.

—Richard Realf.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

LAWRENCE AVE., Near Sheridan Rd.

Sundays—10:45 A. M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago; National Federation of Religious Liberals, Chicago.

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Preston Bradley

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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education

Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.

Woman's Club—Every Monday.

Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.

Young People's Club—1st and 3rd

Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.

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"A man comes to say of certain things that are mysterious, of which he thought he knew, 'I don't know.' Then he allows himself to be labelled an 'Agnostic.' No religious life for him. Another man suddenly discovers the abyss of actual woe in the world, the evil that, for the present at least, is without remedy. He is called a 'Pessimist.' Another man looks to the right and to the left hand, and for the time he sees naught of God. The final word for him is 'Atheist.'"

"Now we cannot have a free expression of what people from time to time are actually believing until we get over our fear of all such names. We must have faith that is wholesome enough and large enough to keep us from being afraid of our own thought. The fact is that we are continually mistaking the passing moods of the spirit for the finalities of thought. These moods through which we pass have been familiar to the most profoundly religious minds.

"Now the aim of a truly liberal church is to so free the mind that men shall talk together just as simply, as naturally, as fully, about the questions of religion as about the questions of everyday life, that there shall be one place where they may confer together, where a man shall be no more ashamed of expressing his doubt or his difference of opinion than he shall be of expressing his agreement."—Samuel M. Crothers.

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The Peoples Church desires to be a serving and helpful church. If you know of any cases of sickness, distress, or trouble where you think the attention of the pastor would help kindly call the church office. All engagements for the naming service, weddings, funerals or any other engagements must be made direct with the church office. The church office is open every day during business hours. It is closed on Saturday at noon. The telephone is Longbeach 6878. Mrs. Harrison, the secretary, will be glad to give information or attend to all engagements.

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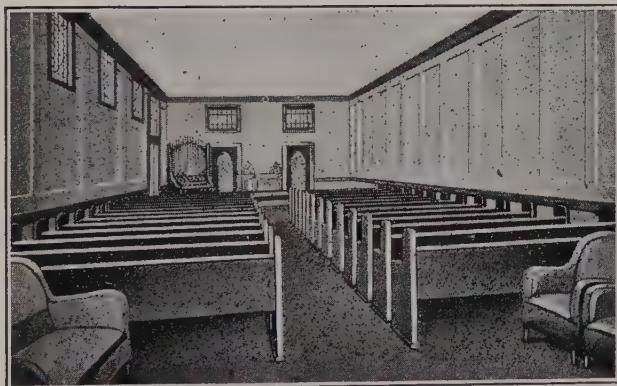
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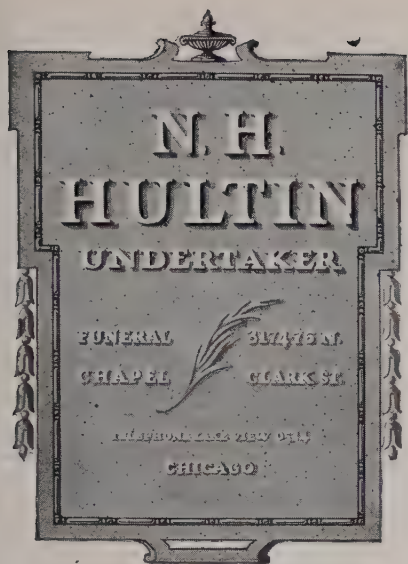
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